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CLASH OF THE TITANS!
THE AWESOME CONCLUSION TO TITAN BOOK IV!
ALSO FEATURING: HELLBRANDT GRIMM, QUARRY, TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT

CONTENTS

TITAN CONCLUDING EPISODE Thrust through the reality-bending warp, the crew of Imperius Dictatio find themselves trapped on a bizarre alien world. *(For the full Titan back story visit www.blacklibrary.com/titan)*

Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Anthony Williams • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

HELLBRANDT GRIMM NEW STORYLINE! To some he is a hero, noble and proud. To others he is nothing but a murderer, deceitful and vile. But to many he's the only hope they've got.

Script: Mitchel Scanlon • Art: The Sharp Brothers • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

THE BLADES OF ULTHUAN Read here the testimonies of two men who saw the ferocious high elf Swordmasters of Hoeth in training and in deadliest combat. These fearsome warriors wield huge two-handed blades, smiting their foes and instilling fear in all who face them.

QUARRY In the frozen wastes of Kislev the forces of Chaos are gathering while in the Empire an army is being formed to come to their neighbour's defence... and revenge is being plotted.

Script: James Peaty • Art: John Stokes • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT The Ten-Tailed Cat in Talabheim, known as a gathering place for raconteurs and the tellers of tall tales.

Script: Jonathan Green • Art: Don Lapham • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

EVER HEARD THE

phrase 'success breeds success'? Well it can be applied to our esteemed writer Mr Mitchel Scanlon in spades. Hellbrandt Grimm, whose dark and gruesome adventures continue in this very issue, is a Warhammer Monthly favourite and Of Ancient Blood, a rollicking good vampire tale, is set to continue in issue 83. But it seems his talents do not rest solely in script writing. The pages of Inferno! have recently been graced by his tales, with the latest and best to date, The Seventh Boon, appearing in issue 43. And he's not stopping there! Mitchel has also signed up to write The Loathsome Ratmen and All Their Vile Kin, a tome purportedly written by an Empire scholar about the deadly skaven threat. This book has already created considerable interest. Not only will there be tons of new artwork but also a special limited edition to be released alongside it! When will he ever get time to sleep? Mr Scanlon, we salute you, and long may your success last! MR

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TITAN

OMNISSIAH

PART TEN

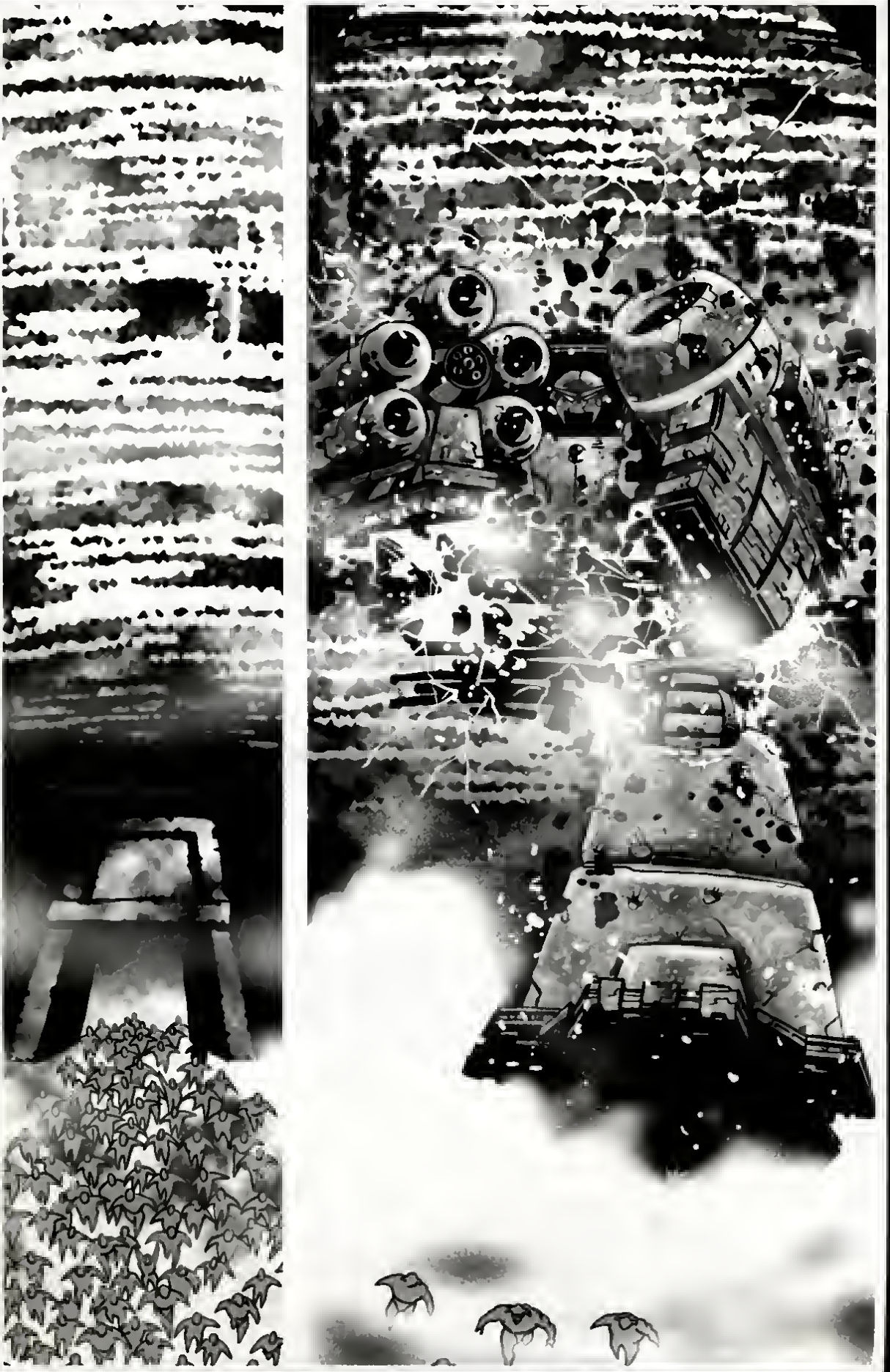
PRINCEPS?
SIR? DO YOU KNOW US?
PRINCEPS HEKATE?
V-VOSS?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR, IT'S ME MODERATI VOSS.
AND... ZYGO.
YES, SIR. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
COLD. EMPTY. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP FOR A LONG TIME.
WHAT... WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME, VOSS?
THE ONLY THING WE COULD THINK OF, SIR...

STORY: [illegible] • ART: [illegible] • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

...WE PLUGGED YOU BACK IN.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I REMEMBER... PAIN. GREAT PAIN.
YOU WERE SEPARATED FROM DICTATIO, SIR. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG FOR BUT... WELL, THE TRAUMA OF SYSTEM SHOCK HAD DRIVEN YOU WILD.
DICTATIO FEELS DEAD. LEADEN.
DORN IS DOING HIS BEST TO BRING THE DRIVES ON LINE, BUT WE'RE RUNNING ON RESERVE BATTERY POWER.
A LOT OF SYSTEMS ARE CRIPPLED TOO.
PRINCEPS. OUR SITUATION IS EXTREMELY GRAVE.

'THE WARP HAS THROWN US TO A WORLD OF CHAOS. IT HAS TAKEN ALL OUR EFFORTS TO PULL A CREW TOGETHER AND GAIN ACCESS TO DICTATIO'
'IT SEEMS LIKE WE'RE IN A... TEMPLE, VOSS. AND THOSE CREATURES AT OUR FEET ARE WORSHIPPING US...'
JUST SO, PRINCEPS. THE FERAL SUBHUMANS HAUNT THESE RUINS AND BELIEVE THE TITAN TO BE A GOD. A DELIVERER
'THEY SEEM... FRANTIC IN THEIR DEVOTIONS, VOSS.'
'ALLOW ME TO BOOST A LITTLE POWER TO YOUR SENSOR CONES, SIR. LOOK BEYOND THE TEMPLE...'

"GREAT GOD EMPEROR!"
THAT, SIR, IS WHAT THEY BELIEVE WE ARE DESTINED TO DELIVER THEM FROM.
GGRRAAA



DORN? GOOD JOB.
DON'T GET EXCITED JUST YET, PRINCEPS.
YOU'VE GOT JUST FORTY PER CENT DRIVE POWER, NO SHIELDS, LIMITED GYROSTABILISERS, AND ZERO JUICE FOR THE ENERGY WEAPONS.
BUT I CAN POWER UP THE CANNONS, IF YOU LIKE.

"IF I LIKE?" DORN. WHEN HAVE YOU *EVER* KNOWN ME NOT TO WANT *ACTIVE FIRE CONTROL?*
PARTICULARLY IN THE FACE OF SOMETHING *THAT* UGLY?
GATLING CANNON LIVE. AUTOLOADERS CYCLING. LOOKS OFF.
SHALL I *SET TARGET,* PRINCEPS?
DON'T WORRY, MODERATI...

I DON'T THINK I'M LIKELY TO MISS.

THE SUBHUMANS HAVE FLED, PRINCEPS.
I DON'T BLAME THEM, ZYGO. IF DICTATIO WAS MY DEITY, I'D BE RUNNING TOO.
PRINCEPS? YOU HAVE EXERTED YOURSELF. YOU SHOULD REST.
I CAN SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD, VOSS.
YOU TELL ME WE'RE CASTAWAY AND DAMNED ON AN ALIEN WORLD?
WE HAVE A CHOICE. LAY DOWN AND DIE NOW, OR FIGHT TO LIVE.
IMPERIUS DICTATIO DOES THREE THINGS SUPREMELY WELL. IT STRIDES. IT ENDURES. IT DESTROYS.
I SUGGEST WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST OF THOSE AND SEE HOW FAR IT GETS

END OF BOOK FOUR

IT HAD BEEN A LONG VOYAGE.
A VOYAGE TO THE GREAT PORTS OF THE OLD WORLD AND BEYOND, MADE EASTWARDS IN NAME OF TRADE.
NOW THOUGH, AFTER NEARLY THREE HUNDRED DAYS AT SEA, AT LAST THEY WERE HOMEWARD BOUND.
TALES OF Hellbrandt Grimm
THREE HUNDRED DAYS, AND AFTER SO LONG AWAY NOT A SINGLE HEART DID NOT THRILL AT PROSPECT OF SEEING ULTHUAN AGAIN.
BUT ONE ABOARD HAD BEEN AWAY EVEN LONGER.
A HOODED PASSENGER, PICKED UP AT MARIENBURG, WHO CLAIMED TO BE RETURNING HOME AFTER OVER THIRTY YEARS AWAY.
AND WHILE, UNSETTLED BY HIS BROODING PRESENCE, MOST OF THE CREW AVOIDED HIM, ONE CREWMAN AT LEAST COULD NOT LET THE VOYAGE PASS-
-WITHOUT ASKING THE STRANGER HOW IT WAS HE HAD BEEN SO LONG AWAY...
I AM CALLED ARHANTHAL, THE NAME MEANING 'SON OF NIGHT, YOU ARE BORN AVENGED'.
BUT THE TALE OF HOW I CAME TO BE GRANTED SO FORBIDDING A NAME IS A STORY FOR SOME OTHER TELLING, THE TALE BEFORE US NOW IS OF LESS TIMEWORN ASPECT.
-WRITTEN IN THE BLOOD OF MORE RECENT CRIMES.
THE SWORD THAT DRAWS BLOOD
STORY: MITCHEL SCANLON
ART: THE SHARP BROTHERS
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

'THOUGH, BY NEED, I MUST TELL YOU FIRST OF EVENTS BUT FOUR MONTHS PAST IN THE HUMAN CITY OF WISSENBURG.
'AS I HURRIED ALONG NIGHT TIME STREETS TOWARD A PRE ARRANGED MEETING.
'ONLY TO LEARN, WHERE ONE MEETING IS EXPECTED-'
NOW THERE'S A SIGHT TO GLADDEN A MAN'S HEART, FRIENDS.
'-ANOTHER MAY APPROACH UNSEEN.'
JUST WHEN WE WERE THINKING NO ONE WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO COME WALKING THESE ALLEYWAYS ALONE ANYMORE-
-ALONG COMES SOME EASY PICKINGS.
PLEASE. LET ME PASS.
HEH. A REASONABLE REQUEST, FRIEND, AND POLITELY PUT. STILL, YOU WON'T MIND IF I THINK ON IT A MOMENT OR TWO...
SHHHHH
KHUUUH
TAKE HIM.
'IN AN INSTANT, THE ALLEY ECHOED WITH THE SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE. THE SOUND OF A SWIFT AND SLASHING BLADE-
'-AND THE ANSWERING SCREAMS OF MEN.'

BUT IN THE HEAT OF MELEE, OTHER SOUNDS WERE LOST: RAGGED PRAYERS, DYING BREATHS-
-AND THE SOUNDS OF A HIDDEN DANGER TOO DIM AND DISTANT TO BE HEARD.
AAARGHHH!!
THE OTHERS WERE DECOYS. LOCAL FOOTPADS MOST LIKELY HIRED TO KEEP YOU IN POSITION LONG ENOUGH FOR THE TRUE ASSASSIN TO STRIKE.
I TAKE IT YOU ARE THE PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER WHO ASKED TO MEET ME AT THE TAVERN AHEAD? THE ONE LOOKING TO HIRE A BODYGUARD?
I AM HELLBRANDT GRIMM.
SO YOU SAY-
THOUGH THE TRUTH OF IT REMAINS TO BE DETERMINED.

YES. IT IS AS THEY SAY. A SCAR BURNED INTO THE LEFT SIDE OF THE FACE, LIKE THE MARK OF SOME THREE-FINGERED CLAW...
MY APOLOGIES, HELLBRANDT GRIMM. BUT I HAVE REASON TO BE WARY - HIRED KILLERS HAVE DOGGED MY STEPS FOR WEEKS.
THERE IS A MAN I WISH KILLED. A MAN WILLING TO GO TO GREAT LENGTHS TO SEE THE SAME FOR ME. THAT IS WHY I CONTACTED YOU.
HHH. YOU SEEM CAPABLE OF DOING YOUR OWN KILLING.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I WOULD NOT ASK YOU TO KILL THIS MAN, ANYMORE THAN I WOULD ASK YOU TO BREATHE FOR ME.
BUT IF I AM TO KILL HIM I MUST GET CLOSE. AND, AS YOU CAN SEE-
-I AM NOT WITHOUT CERTAIN DISADVANTAGES.
"THEY SAY TO KNOW THE MIND OF A PEOPLE YOU MUST FIRST KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE. PERHAPS THIS IS WHY SUCH A GULF EXISTS BETWEEN ELF AND MAN
"HUMAN VOICES ARE SO LEADEN, YOUR TONGUES SO IMPRECISE-
"TO HEAR EVEN YOUR MOST ABLE LINGUISTS SPEAK OUR WORDS IS TO KNOW THE SOUND OF A SWEET LULLABY PLAYED BY THE GRINDING OF STONE AGAINST STONE."
BUT IF I WOULD ASK YOU TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE ME HELLBRANDT GRIMM. THEN FIRST I MUST SHOW YOU MY MIND.
THE RUNE I HAVE WRITTEN HERE IS CALLED 'CEYL'. IN HUMAN WORDS IT MIGHT TRANSLATE AS LAW', 'ORDER' OR 'JUSTICE'.

BUT IT HAS OTHER MEANINGS. AMONG THEM 'THE SWORD THAT DRAWS BLOOD'.
FOR JUSTICE IS A THING MADE FOR THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD AND, LIKE THE SWORD, ONCE UNSHEATHED IT IS NOT SO EASILY PUT TO REST.
AS TO WHY I WOULD TELL YOU THESE THINGS...
THIRTY YEARS AGO I CAME TO THE IMPERIAL COURT IN ALTDORF ON A DIPLOMATIC MISSION. AS ONE OF THE INFREQUENT ENVOYS ULTHUAN OCCASSIONALLY SENDS TO THE WORLD OF MAN.
A MISSION THAT SOON TOOK UNEXPECTED TURN.
AS WITHIN DAYS OF MY ARRIVAL, I STUMBLED UPON A PLOT BY A TREASON-MINDED BARON OF AVERLAND TO MURDER HIS ELECTOR COUNT.
MINDFUL OF MY DUTY, I INFORMED MY HOST AT ONCE.
BUT IF I THOUGHT THE MATTER ENDED THERE, I HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE ALMOST INFINITE HUMAN CAPACITY FOR SPITE.
BEFORE HIS EXECUTION, THE BARON HAD MADE ARRANGEMENT TO HAVE VENGEANCE.
A VENGEANCE THAT CAME WITH THE SOUND OF THE SPLINTERING OF PURPOSEFULLY WEAKENED TIMBERS-
KKRRRK-
AND A CAREFULLY CONCEIVED AMBUSH AS I CROSSED THE GREY MOUNTAINS EN ROUTE TO BRETONNIA.
AS TO WHAT CAME THEN-

...nd be sure to hold him tight...
...s not the time to be getting careless...
AH. AWAKE AT LAST, I SEE.
I MUST CONFESS YOU HAVE BEEN SOMETHING OF A DISAPPOINTMENT, FRIEND ELF.
FROM ALL I'D HEARD OF YOUR RACE, I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D BE THIS EASY TO TAKE YOU
NO. I SHOULDN'T STRUGGLE. YOU'RE HURT BAD ENOUGH AS IS.
AND MY COMRADES AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO INFLICT ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE INJURIES WE'VE BEEN PAID FOR
NOW YOUR WOMAN - THE ELF-BITCH SHE WAS MORE OF A CHALLENGE.
SHE FOUGHT LIKE A TIGRESS. KILLED FOUR OF MY MEN AND WOUNDED TWO OTHERS
BEAUTIFUL WITH IT, TOO
'COURSE, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT NOW.
NOT ONCE JURGEN HERE AND HIS HAMMER HAD FINISHED WITH HER FACE.

YOU NEED ONLY KNOW I EMERGED FROM THAT CHASM AS I AM NOW - SWORDHAND CRIPPLED, EYES BLINDED - MADE VICTIM OF A DEAD MAN'S SPITEFUL BEQUEST.
BUT IF THE BARON HIMSELF WAS BEYOND JUSTICE, THOSE WHO HAD ACTED IN HIS STEAD STILL REMAINED.
YOU WERE AN AMBASSADOR. HOW WAS IT THE EMPEROR NEVER ORDERED THESE MEN HUNTED DOWN?
THE OFFER WAS MADE. BUT THE FACT THE AMBUSH HAD OCCURRED IN DISPUTED TERRITORY BETWEEN BRETONNIA AND THE EMPIRE COMPLICATED MATTERS. AND SOMETHING ELSE...
'CEYL' ALSO MEANS PASSION. AS IN 'A PASSION TO SEE JUSTICE DONE WHATEVER THE COST.' I HAD BEEN WRONGED IT FELL TO ME TO PUT IT TO RIGHTS
IT TOOK FIFTEEN YEARS TO LEARN TO COMPENSATE FOR MY DISABILITIES. ANOTHER TEN TO SCOUR THE EMPIRE FOR MEN I KNEW ONLY AS VOICES.
TEN YEARS. THEN, IN A TAVERN IN TALABHEIM I HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE. BEFORE HE DIED HE GAVE NAME TO THE OTHERS. AND OVER THE NEXT FIVE YEARS, I TRACKED THEM DOWN.
NOW ONLY THEIR ONE-TIME LEADER, BRUNO MERZ, REMAINS.
YOU HAVE HEARD MY TALE HELLBRANDT GRIMM. WILL YOU JOIN ME IN CAUSE OF JUSTICE?
MEET MY PRICE, ELF AND I'LL JOIN ANY CAUSE YOU WANT. BUT WHERE DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND THIS MAN MERZ?
THERE LIES THE IRONY OF IT. HELLBRANDT GRIMM.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS SEARCHING I HAVE LEARNED BRUNO MERZ MAKES HIS HOME IN THE GREY MOUNTAINS
PERHAPS IT PLEASES HIM TO LIVE SO CLOSE TO THE SCENE OF HIS GREATEST CRIME. PERHAPS, LIVING IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY BETWEEN NATIONS, HE BELIEVES HIMSELF BEYOND ALL RETRIBUTION.
PERHAPS IT IS AS THE SAGES SAY. OUR LIVES ARE CAUGHT HELPLESS ON THE WHEEL OF TIME, FOREVER CONDEMNED TO REPEAT ALL OUR PAST MISTAKES.
WHATEVER THE CASE-
THIS MATTER IS DESTINED TO REACH ITS END WHERE ONCE IT BEGAN.
TO BE CONCLUDED

Empire's Allies

- The Blades of Ulthuan -

as chronicled by Wolfgang Brehman

As chronicler to Grand Master Kurt Gerhund of the Emperor's glorious Reiksguard, charged with recording to the best of my abilities, the great and magnificent exploits of this hero of the Empire, I have had cause to gather testimony from many men who have served under his banner. Many are the battles won by this master of tactics, and considerable glory has been heaped upon the armies that fought with him. But he has not always fought alone, and I have come to realise that some of his most famous victories cannot be laid on his shoulders solely.

In the mist-shrouded island of Albion his war-host fought alongside the noble high elves. I must admit to being fascinated by these people, and often I asked questions of the Empire's soldiers about their experiences while battling alongside them. It seemed one particular troop type made a particularly strong impression.

I present here two transcriptions (edited and paraphrased where appropriate) of testimonies from soldiers who witnessed the incredible sight of the so-called Swordmasters of Hoeth in both training and the thick of combat.

Sergeant Damaris Adalwolf, Grimbarr's Greatswords

We'd been encamped on that fog-covered isle for about a week, waiting for orders to move inland.

The men were getting pretty impatient so I ordered extra training. Every morning we'd get up, put on our armour, and practice stroke-play with our steel. We were used to getting a bit of a crowd when we trained. It takes a strong man to wield a greatsword and we are considered among best in the Empire's armies. I doubt if you could even lift one! Editor's note: I resented this slur and retorted by lifting Adalwolf's sword over my head; although I did strain my back, and had to hide my discomfort for the rest of the interview.

Anyway, one morning we noticed that no one was watching us, but we did espy a great crowd of people thronging some way away. I told the lads to carry on, and I wandered down to see what all the fuss was about. I made my way through the crowd and clapped eyes on a bunch of elves! They had arrived that day and were to march with us when orders were received to move. Until then, they practiced their swordplay.

They were dressed in full armour and they were swinging their blades in concentric circles in exact time with each other. Their prowess made us look like a gaggle of peasants. They spoke not a word, but they changed formation and spun their blades in perfect unison. The only sound – the crowd was in silent rapture – were those magnificent blades slicing the air. I stared at them for as long as they practiced, almost unable to believe my eyes.

When they stopped I trudged up to our training ground and told the lads to stop practicing for the day. There just didn't seem any point.

Captain Hugo Hugbald, 12th Altdorf Halberdiers

Our column had been marching all day, trying to catch up with our support contingent of high elves and the cavalry that had rode ahead that morning. Night was falling and we were all exhausted, and still there was no sign of the elves. At about midnight a scout rode hard into the camp, and news began to filter through the ranks that a huge army of giant ratmen were heading for our position. You can imagine the scene: near panic! But Master Gerhund mounted is horse and ordered us to gird our hearts and form ranks. The prospect of fighting in the dark terrified us all.

Only the filthy ratmen would dare instigate battle after sunset. But the moons were full and we were on a slight rise, so we could see a fair way. Solveig's Crossbows to our left and the heavy cavalry to our right protected our flanks. A decent formation, but our left flank was weak and none of us had any idea what kind of enemy we were facing. I don't mind saying I nearly soiled my breeches when I saw what was coming out of the mist enshrouded forest.

I see them still in my nightmares. At first the forest floor ululated in a most unnatural manner, and then a carpet of black rats swarmed out of the trees. Scampering behind them were rat-things, walking on two legs, and behind them creatures I cannot bear to recall. They were on us in a trice, uncountable horrors! The crossbowmen loosed off one volley of bolts before the creatures were upon them, hacking with bent swords and biting with crooked teeth. Their cries froze my blood.

The degraded creatures fared worse against our pike wall. We held them at bay, skewering their vile bodies, but I could spy their larger brethren lumbering up behind. I knew we were fighting a losing battle. The tide may have turned when Master Gerhund charged full tilt down the hill, crashing into their line, but it left us hopelessly exposed. I could see the evil glint in the rat-things' eyes, sensing the kill.

And then our salvation arrived! From our left, gliding in a tightly held formation over the broken bodies of Solveig's Crossbows were the most resplendent warriors I had ever seen. They fell upon the ratmen and hope stirred in my heart. I have never, in all my years of campaigning, seen anything like it. The elven warriors were a patch of white and blue in a sea of filth. They wore high helms of silver, except their leader who wore gold. Long blue plumes sprouted from atop their helms and it fell about their shoulders and the bright mail armour that covered them from top to toe. And their swords! I have served alongside Stirland greatswordmen, and marvelled at how they wielded those massive blades with such skill. But their abilities were as nothing when compared to the Swordmasters of Hoeth.

Their swords were nearly as tall as me, elegantly shaped and branded with runes and jewels. The front rank spun them around their heads and thrust out, hewing the ratmen and cleaving their limbs with awesome ease. Where we stood and fought for our lives, doing our utmost not to lose ground, the elves never stopped moving; they sliced through the ratmen ranks until they were surrounded. Then the other ranks brought their blades to bear. I remember feeling my heart leap when Master Gerhund and his retinue joined them, spitting skulls and cleaving flesh. Together, elf and knight broke the ratmen ranks.

It was claimed a joint victory, and such it was, I suppose. But I am certain that we would have been slaughtered to a man if the Swordmasters of Hoeth had not arrived to turn the tide.

They lost not a single warrior!

QUARRY
Part Two of Three
'THE MARCH INTO KISLEV WAS HARD.
'THE FIGHTING EVEN HARDER.
'SEEING THEIR FRIENDS KILLED SEEMED TO FOCUS THE MINDS OF MANY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.
'I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS MAINTAINING MY FOCUS.
'BUT THEN I HAD OTHER REASONS TO STAY ALIVE.
SCRIPT: JAMES PEATY · ART: JOHN STOKES · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

' FOR MOST OF JORGEN'S LIFE I HAD BEEN AWAY ON ONE RECKLESS ADVENTURE AFTER ANOTHER
' BUT I WAS GETTING OLDER AND LOOKING FORWARD TO FINALLY GETTING TO KNOW MY SON.
FATE - SADLY - HAD OTHER PLANS
' JORGEN HAD BEEN DRINKING AT THE LOCAL TAVERN AND BECAME EMBROILED IN A FIGHT WITH AN OFF DUTY HALBERDIER.
' DURING THE ENSUING SCUFFLE HE'D SLASHED THE SOLDIER ACROSS THE RIGHT CHEEK WITH HIS SWORD.
' IN RETALIATION, THE SOLDIER STABBED MY SON THROUGH THE HEART WITH A CONCEALED BLADE.
' THE HALBERDIER - A MAN NAMED KRONTHALER - PLEADED SELF DEFENCE AND WAS RELEASED WITHOUT CHARGE '

'I VOWED THAT I WOULD FIND HIM AND MAKE HIM PAY'
SCUM BLIGHTED DOGS!
SIGMAR CHEERS EVERYTIME ONE OF YOUR FOUL KIND RETURNS TO THE PIT.
SLASH!
...AND I LIVE FOR HIS CHEER!
SLASH
RIP!
ARRGHHHH!

(KAFF!)
(KAFF!)
' I COULD HAVE FINISHED HIM THERE. HE WAS WOUNDED AND BARELY ABLE TO STAND. '
THUNK

' BUT I COULDN'T '
AN INTERESTING BLADE
WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
IT WAS MY SON'S
END OF PART TWO

THE TEN-TAILED CAT IN TALABHEIM, KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE OLD WORLD AS A GATHERING PLACE FOR RACONTEURS AND THE TELLERS OF TALL TALES.
THEY COME TO THE TEN-TAILED CAT FOR MANY REASONS. SOME TO BOAST OF THEIR EXPLOITS, SOME TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN, OTHERS TO UNBURDEN THEIR SOULS OR PASS ON DIRE WARNINGS...
WHILE SOME COME TO THE CAT TO UNWIND AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE MARKETS.
I'VE NEVER KNOWN A SEASON SO BAD I'VE HAD ALMOST NOTHING TO SELL.
TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT
TELL ME ABOUT IT, SILAS! THE HARVEST I BROUGHT IN THIS YEAR WAS HALF WHAT I'D NORMALLY EXPECT, AND AFTER SUCH A GOOD SUMMER TOO.
I HAD ALMOST NO LIVESTOCK TO BRING TO MARKET THIS MONTH AND ALL BECAUSE THOSE SIGMAR-CURSED GREENSKINS HAVE BEEN GETTING BOLDER AND RAIDING FURTHER.
I LOST SIX PIGS TO GOBLINS ONLY A WEEK AGO!
AND MOST OF WHAT THE ORCS AND GOBLINS HAVEN'T TAKEN OR DESTROYED HAS BEEN USED UP BY THOSE HALF-WIT SOLDIERS THE ELECTOR COUNT'S BEEN SENDING TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM
YOU'RE NOT WRONG THERE, WIESEL
SO WHAT'S YOUR SECRET, ALRIK BAUER? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE SUFFERED AT THE FILTHY HANDS OF THE GREENSKINS AND THE ELECTOR'S IDIOT THUGS.
YES, BY TAAL, HOW'VE YOU DONE IT? I'VE SEEN YOU SELLING PRIME MEAT GOODS BY THE CARTLOAD. STEAKS, SAUSAGES, PIES - YOU MUST HAVE MADE A TIDY PACKET THIS MARKET DAY.
AND YOUR FARM'S THE MOST ISOLATED OF ALL OF OURS. BY RIGHTS, IT SHOULD BE THE LEAST WELL-PROTECTED TOO. SO HOW HAVE YOU GOT OFF SO LIGHTLY?
YOU THINK YOU'VE ALL HAD PROBLEMS WITH GREENSKINS? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY RUN IN WITH SOMETHING MUCH WORSE!

The Farmer's Tale

SCRIPT: JONATHAN GREEN • ART: DAN LAPHAM • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

'IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT, A FEW WEEKS AGO.'
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
MOOOO! MOOOO!
ALRIK, WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON OUTSIDE!
ZZZZZZZZ
UHH-? WHAT IS IT DEAR?
IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
MOOOO! MOOOO!
THAT WRETCHED DOG OF YOURS IS BARKING LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD, AND SOMETHING'S GOT THE COWS PANICKED TOO!
GO AND SEE TO IT!
'I CREPT DOWNSTAIRS, TO SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS WAS ABOUT, BUT BEFORE GOING OUTSIDE, I TOOK MY OLD BLUNDERBUSS DOWN FROM ITS PLACE OVER THE FIREPLACE - JUST IN CASE.'
That damn dog. I'll have his hide if he's got me out of bed for nothing...
WOOF! WOOF!
MOOO!
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!
'AS I STEPPED OUTSIDE, I COULD FEEL THE GROUND SHAKING UNDER MY FEET FOR A MOMENT THERE, I THOUGHT IT WAS AN EARTHQUAKE.'
AARRROOOO

'...AN OGRE!'
WAAAGGH
CRASH! STOMP!
THUD!
'I KEPT MY HEAD, MIND-
AAAHHHH!
'TOOK CAREFUL AIM-
OH BUGG-
AARROOWW!
YELP!
'AND FIRED!'
RAARGGHH- ULP!

HUH?
WAAAA!
CRRAAASHHHH!
IN THE MORNING I DISCOVERED THAT MY ENTIRE SMALL HERD HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERED BY THE ORCS OR EATEN BY THE OGRE.
BUT TELL ME THIS, ALRIK. IF YOU LOST YOUR HERD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN SELLING AT THE MARKET?
WELL, TOMAS, WHAT DO YOU THINK? I COULDN'T JUST LEAVE AN OGRE'S CARCASS LYING AROUND STINKING UP THE PLACE. I HAD TO GET RID OF IT SOMEHOW.
WASTE NOT WANT NOT - THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!
THE END

DAEMONIFUGE

NEXT ISSUE

MINUTEMEN-ABADDON